52 T.S. Monday.

If you haven't already got the man to do the photographs, would you wait a little — The Chances are sprouting up rather differently than I expected; & the pictures might fit (but the 2 Orlando's certainly will) Also, Nessa & Duncan suggest that they would take photographs of Group — Does them up, which would be rather fascinating — lends itself to many new ideas. But if taken, all right.

I shall be alone here to dinner on Thursday. Why not come then — if you're coming B. — & let us have a talk? Come in the afternoon at any time

— Thanks a million times for Book which I see is Booming.

— Goodnight.

Tel: 2621 Museum.

52
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1.

Dearest Creature, I'm frightfully sorry about your father. Lord! what a time you have of it. I do hope he is better: & for God's sake don't catch it yourself. Please, darling creature, be careful.

I'd like to come for a night, if I could. The horror is I'm left in for a rush of work this week, — all my own fault. But I'll write Lale of May. There is only a scrawl.

Damn Rebecca — who doesn't know a turnip from an umbrella, nor a broom from a

probabo if it comes to that — what regret has she to pontificate about the Land &c Let me see it.

No — the prize is still to you — that was last year: so you may laugh: but I think not.

A marvellous tale of present from your mother.

Please send me a line to say how you are & your father. & about Lucy & about life. love, literature.

Love Virginia (imperatrix)
Love. Virginia (absolute)
Love 2. Virginia (interrogative)

Mine was the 1st.

V Woolf.

Thursday.

What a disappointment not to see you
yesterday - I was in bed alone. But
I do hope your father is not worse.
I suppose there's no chance of
seeing you? Let me know in three
words for Thursday for he likes what
I write answer, I am ashamed not to have
answered.

I'm sorry to keep quiet so as to
get back to Orlando's a room and Cas.
Love. Adieu

Yr Virginia

worried he was.
I've been
reading
The Land — so
good, I think.
Some lines.

52 T. S. Sunday night

I've been thinking of you all the time, dear Honey. Was Dottie rings up today your father's better. I am so happy to think you may be less wretched tonight. You can't think how I mind your being unhappy – it spoils everything. You must be a heavenly comfort to him: I could come any afternoon – for an hour; but I dont suppose for some time. This is only by way of good night, & to say that should you ever want to see me, I am your entirely devoted but helpless & useless creature. V.

This refers to my father's death.

(1928) 52 T(avistock) S(quare)

Tuesday

I sometimes did!

My darling

Any time you come you know it will be more than happiness to see you. I've no engagements, and if I had any would put them off. But consider, honey,- wouldn't you let me come down to you instead, and you stay quiet in bed and let me chatter to you about life in the Tropics or any such subject, and you should cut my hair and lots of little moles would be born. You must be so tired now - so terribly tired after this strain. And I'm at your beck and call as you know.

Or perhaps, with your invincible modesty, you don't know.

nBut I do adore you - every part of you from heel to hair. Never will you shake me off, try as you may. Lord - how I wish we were so constituted that we could help each other. But there you are, quite alone, and I can't do anything.

But if being loved by Virginia is any good, she does do that; and always will, - please believe it - and rest and be careful and don't write letters .

Your

Virginia.